THE QUICKENING

BY

FRANCIS LYNDE

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

The limestone pike was the same, and the creek was still rushing noisily over the stones in its bed, as Tom remarked, gratefully. But the heaviest of the buffets came when the barrier hills were passed and the surrey horses made no motion to turn in at the gate of the old oak-shingled house beyond the iron-works.

"Hold on!" said Tom. "Doesn't the driver know where we live?"

"That's the sup'rintendent's office and lab'ratory now, son. It was getting to be tolerably noisy down here for your mammy, so nigh to the plant. And we allowed to s'prise you. We've been buildin' us a new house up on the knoll just this side o' Major Dabney's."

It was the cruelest of the changes—the one hardest to bear; and it drove the boy back into the dumb reticence which was a part of his birthright. Had they left him nothing by which to remember the old days—days which were already beginning to take on the glamour of unutterable happiness past?

Tom saw well-kept lawns, park-like groves and pretentious country villas where he had once trailed Nance Jane through the "dark woods," and his father told him the names and circumstance of the owners as they drove up the pike. There was Rockwood, the summer home of the Stanleys, and The Dell, owned, and inhabited at intervals, by Mr. Young-Dickson, of the South Tredegar potteries. Farther along there was Fairmount, whose owner was a wealthy cotton-seed buyer; Rook Hill, which Tom remembered as the ancient roosting ground of the migratory winter crows; and Farnsworth Park, ruralizing the name of its builder. On the most commanding of the hillsides was a pile of rough-cut Tennessee marble with turrets and many gables, rejoicing in the classic name of Warwick Lodge. This, Tom was told, was the country home of Mr. Farley himself, and the house alone had cost a fortune.

At the turn in the pike where you lost sight finally of the iron-wo'ks, there was a new church, a miniature in native stone of good old Stephen Hawker's church of Morwenstow. Tom gasped at the sight of it, and scowled when he saw the gilded cross on the tower.

"Catholic!" he said. "And right here in our valley!"

"No," said the father; "it's 'Piscopalian. Colonel Farley is one o' the vestries, or whatever you call 'em, of St. Michael's yonder in town. I reckon he wanted to get his own kind o' people round him out here, so he built this church, and they run it as a sort of a side-show to the big church. Your mammy always looks the other way when we come by."

Tom looked the other way, too, watching anxiously for the first sight of the new home. They reached it in good time, by a graveled driveway leading up from the white pike between rows of forest trees; and there was a second negro waiting to take the team, when they alighted at the veranda steps.

The new house was a two-storied brick, ornate and palpably assertive, with no suggestion of the homely comfort of the old. Yet, when his mother had wept over him in the wide hall, and there was time to go about, taking it all in like a cat exploring a strange garret, it was not so bad.

But there were compensations, and Tom discovered one of them on the first Wednesday evening after his arrival. The new home was within easy walking distance of Little Zoar, and he went with his mother to the prayer-meeting.

The upper end of the pike was unchanged, and the little, weather-beaten church stood in its grove of pines, the same yesterday, to-day and for 'ever. Better still, the congregation, the small Wednesday-night gathering at least, held the familiar faces of the country folk. The minister was a young missionary, zealously earnest, and lacking as yet the quality of hardness and doctrinal precision which had been the boy's daily bread and meat at the sectarian school. What wonder, then, that when when the call for testimony was made, the old pounding and heart-hammering set in, and duty, duty, duty, wrote itself in flaming letters on the dingy walls?

Tom set his teeth and swallowed hard, and let a dozen of the others rise and speak and sit again. He could feel the beating of his mother's heart, and he knew she was praying silently for him, praying that he would not deny his Master. For her sake, then * * * but not yet; there was still time enough—after the next hymn—after the next testimony—when the minister should give another invitation. He was chained to the bench and could not rise; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth and his lips were like dry leaves. The silences grew longer; all, or nearly all, had spoken. He was stifling.

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." It was the solemn voice of the young minister, and Tom staggered to his feet with the lamps whirling in giddy circles.

"I feel to say that the Lord is precious to my soul to-night. Pray for me, that I may ever be found faithful."

He struggling through the words of the familiar form gaspingly and sat down. A burst of triumphant song arose:

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!"

and the ecstatic aftermath came. Truly, it was better to be a doorkeeper in the house of God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. What bliss was there to be compared with this heart-melting, soul-lifting blessing for duty done?

It went with him a good part of the way home, and Martha Gordon respected his silence, knowing well what heights and depths were engulfing the young spirit.

But afterward—alas and alas; that there should always be an "afterward"! When Tom had kissed his mother good-night and was alone in his upper room, the reaction set in. What had he done? Were the words the outpouring of a full heart? Did they really mean anything to him, or to those who heard them? He grasped despairingly at the fast-fading glories of the vision, dropping on his knees at the bedside. "O God, let me see Thee and touch Thee, and be sure, sure!" he prayed, over and over again; and so finally sleep found him still on his knees with his face buried in the bed-clothes.

CHAPTER IX.

For the first few vacation days Tom rose with the sun and lived with the industries, marking all the later expansive strides and sorrowing keenly that he had not been present to see them taken in detail.

One morning he ran plump into the Major, stalking grandly along the tile-paved walk and smoking a war-time cheroot of preposterous length. The despot of Paradise, despot now only by the courtesy of the triumphant genius of modernity, put on his eye-glasses and stared Thomas into respectful rigidity.

"Why, bless my soul!—if it isn't Captain Gordon's boy! Well, well, you young limb! If you didn't faveh youh good fatheh in eve'y line and lineament of youh face, I should neveh have known you—you've grown so. Shake hands, suh!"

Tom did it awkwardly. It is a gift to be able to shake hands easily; a gift withheld from most girls and all boys up to the soulful age. But there was worse to follow. Ardea was somewhere on the peopled verandas, and the Major, more terrible in his hospitality than he had ever appeared in the old-time rage-fits, dragged his hapless victim up and down and around and about in search of her. "Not say 'Howdy' to Ardea? Why, you young cub, where are youh mannehs, suh?" Thus the Major, when the victim would have broken away.

It was a fiery trial for Tom—a way-picking among red-hot plowshares of embarrassment. How the well-bred folk smiled, and the grand ladies drew their immaculate skirts aside to make passing-room for his dusty feet! How one of them wondered, quite audibly, where in the world Major Dabney had unearthed that young native! Tom was conscious of every fleck of dust on his clothes and shoes; of the skilless knot in his necktie; of the school-desk droop in his shoulders; of the utter superfluousness of his big hands.

And when, at the long last, Ardea was discovered sitting beside a gorgeously attired Queen of Sheba, who also smiled and examined him minutely through a pair of eye-glasses fastened on the end of a gold-mounted stick, the place of torment, wherever and whatever it might be, held no deeper pit for him. What he had climbed the mountain to find was a little girl in a school frock, who had sat on the yellowing grass with one arm around the neck of a great dog, looking fearlessly up at him and telling him she was sorry he was going away. What he had found was a very statuesque little lady, clad in many summer white, with the other Ardea's slate-blue eyes and soft voice, to be sure, but with no other reminder of the lost avatar.

From first to last, from the moment she made room for him, dusty clothes and all, on the settee between herself and the Queen of Sheba, Tom was conscious of but one clearly-defined thought—an overmastering desire to get away—to be free at any cost. But the way of escape would not disclose itself, so he sat in stammering misery, answering Ardea's questions about the sectarian school in bluntest monosyllables, and hearing with his other ear a terrible Major tell the Queen of Sheba all about the railroad invasion, and how he—Tom Gordon—had run to find a punk match to fire a cannon in the Dabney cause.

He escaped finally from the entanglements of Major Dabney's hospitality. On the way down the cliff path the fire burned and the revival zeal was kindled anew. There had been times, in the last year, especially, when he had thought coldly of the disciple's calling and was minded to break away and be a skilled craftsman, like his father. Now he was aghast to think that he had ever been so near the brink of apostasy. With the river of the Water of Life springing crystal clear at his feet, should he turn away and drink from the bitter pools in the wilderness of this world? With prophetic eye he saw himself as another Boanerges, lifting, with all the inspiring eloquence of the son of thunder, the Baptist's soul-shaking cry, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!

The thought thrilled him, and the fierce glow of enthusiasm became an intoxicating ecstasy. The tinkling drip of falling water broke into the noonday silence of the forest like the low-voiced call of a sacred bell. For the first time since leaving the mountain top he took note of his surroundings. He was standing beside the great, cubical boulder under the cedars—the high altar in nature's mountain tabernacle.

Thomas Jefferson had the deep peace of the fully committed when he rose from his knees and went to drink at the spouting rock lip. It was decided now, this thing he had been holding half-heartedly in abeyance. There would be no more dallying with temptation, no more rebellion, no more irreverent stumblings in the dark valley of doubtful questions. More especially, he would be vigilant to guard against those backslidings that came so swiftly on the heels of each spiritual quickening. His heart was fixed, so irrevocably, so surely, that he could almost wish that Satan would try him there and then. But the enemy of souls was nowhere to be seen in the leafy arches of the wood, and Tom bent again to take a second draft at the spouting rock lip.

He was bending over the sunken barrel. A shadow, not his own, blurred the water mirror. He looked up quickly.

"Nan!" he cried.

She was standing on the opposite side of the barrel basin, looking down on him with good-natured mockery in the dark eyes.

"I 'lowed maybe you wouldn't have such a back load of religion after you'd been off to the school a spell," she said, pointedly. And then: "Does it always make you right dry an' thirsty to say your prayers, Tommy-Jeffy."

Tom sat back on his heels and regarded her thoughtfully. His first impulse was out of the natural heart, rageful, wounded vanity spurring it on. It was like her heathenism impertinence to look on at such a time, and then to taunt him about it afterward.

But slowly as he looked a curious change came over him. She was the same Nan Iiryerson, bareheaded, barelegged, with the same tousled mat of dark hair, and the same childish indifference to a whole frock. And yet she was not the same. The subtle difference, whatever it was, made him get up and offer to shake hands with her—and he thought it was the newly-made vows constraining him, and took credit therefor.

"You can revile me as much as you like now, Nan," he said, with prideful humility. "You can't make me mad any more, like you used to. I'm older now, and—and better, I hope. I shall never forget that you have a precious soul to save."

Her response to this was a scoffing laugh, shrill and challenging. Yet he could not help thinking that it made her look prettier than before.

"You can laugh as much as you want to; but I mean it," he insisted. "And, besides, Nan—of all the things that I've been wanting to come back to, you're the only one that isn't changed." And again he thought it was righteous guile that was making him kind to her.

"D'ye reckon you shorely mean that, Tom Gordon?" she said; and the lips which lent themselves so easily to scorn were tremulous. She was just his age, and womanhood was only a step across the threshold for her.

"Of course I do. Let me carry your bucket for you."

She had hung the little wooden piggin under the drip of the spring and it was full and running over. But when he had lifted it out for her, she rinsed and emptied it.

"I just set it there to cool some," she explained. "I'm goin' up to Sunday Rock afte' huckleberries. Come and go 'long with me, Tom."

He assented with a willingness as eager as it was unaccountable. If she had asked him to do a much less reasonable thing, he was not sure that he could have refused.

And as they went together through the wood, spicy with the June fragrances, questions like those of the boyhood time thronged on him, and he welcomed them as a return of at least one of the vanished thrills—and was grateful to her.

When they were fairly under the overhanging cliff face of Sunday Rock, she darted away, laughing at him over her shoulder, and daring him to follow her along a dizzy shelf half-way up the crag; a narrow ledge, perilous for a mountain goat.

This, as he remembered later, was the turning-point in her mood. In imagination he saw her try it and fail; saw her lithe, shapely beauty lying broken and mangled at the cliff's foot; and in three bounds he had her fast locked in his restraining arms. She strove with him at first, like a wrestling boy, laughing and taunting him with being afraid for himself. Then—

Tom Gordon, clean-hearted as yet, did not know precisely what happened. Suddenly she stopped struggling and lay panting in his arms, and quite as suddenly he released her.

"Nan!" he said, in a swiftly submerging wave of tenderness, "I didn't go to hurt you!"

She sank down on a stone at his feet and covered her face with her hands. But she was up again and turning from him with eyes downcast before he could comfort her.

(To be continued.)

THE FAT MAN.

Sleeps Better and Is More Cheerful Than Lean Brother.

Despite the fact that Julius Cæsar, through his authoritative spokesman, Shakespeare, expressed a preference for men of flesh, "sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights," succeeding degenerate ages have shown a disposition to admire the lean and poke fun at the fat man.

Women are not to be considered. Forever inscrutable, while the prevailing fashion of their dress would seem to indicate their admiration of slenderness in their own sex, it by no means follows that they are attracted to the bean-pole type of man. Similarly, when sex is considered, man himself is of various taste; a Turkish woman who is not absolutely fat is a Turkish woman destitute of charm. The subject is a broad one, with many and historical aspects, from the time when Peshurun, as we read in Deuteronomy, "waxed fat and kicked."

Just now it is given a serious and very interesting discussion by Dr. George M. Niles, in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Every one is aware of the value of fat as a source of energy for the development of heat. That phase of the fat man's condition may be passed by. Another one is of larger importance. Says Dr. Niles:

"It has been commonly known from the earliest antiquity that fat people are more contented, more optimistic, than lean ones, and that their viewpoint of life in general is largely governed by this prosaic attribute. Now, I might compare the supply of fat to the ample bank account of a busy and provident man. That he possesses this surplus does not prevent him from diligently following his usual avocation (sic), but the knowledge of its presence lends a mental satisfaction that would be absent were he living right up to his daily income."

This may be true; who can say? It is so easy to generalize and, as a matter of fact, so impossible to be certain about such things. One might particularize through a column or two and arrive at no definite conclusion. Napoleon was a fat little man and infinitely greater than the lean Wellington; Dr. Johnson and Gibbon were grossly fat, but Emerson and Carlyle were bare to the bone. And so forth.

One thing, at least, seems clear; the fat man may not be as spry on his feet as his lean brother; he may not, as a rule, be as agile of mind, but he eats a better meal and enjoys a sounder sleep. He is more cheerful; his laugh is heartier. In fact, some of him have laughed and grown fat. And then, again and finally, it is probably easier to be fat and get lean than to be lean and get fat.—Philadelphia Press.

Chanticlerism in Gungawamp.

Hank Stubbs—Sime Hadley hez moved all his henhouses an' chicken coops into his front yard an' onto his front piazzy.

Bige Miller—Yes. Sime thought ez how it would make a great hit with folks looking for summer board.—Boston Herald.

A Difference.

Patience—What reason had she for marrying him?

Patrice—Why, he had money.

"That is not a reason; that is an excuse."—Gateway Magazine.

THE HOME AND ITS MISTRESS

Married Friends.

I am persuaded that friendship is the basis of true marriage—the man and woman must be able to get on together in the serenity of natural comradeship without continuous rasp and jar. They must possess toward each other the plain and elemental qualities of confidence, loyalty and tenderness; they must hold the same views concerning the meaning of life; each must desire nothing so much as the welfare of the other; neither can have aught which is not at the disposal of the other. Love there must be, indeed, but not love alone, for love is of fiery essence and often fails to result in happiness either for the lover or the loved. There is, I believe, an Italian proverb, "Love is a dagger in the heart." This could never be said of friendship. The very word itself is a synonym of felicity. Many husbands and wives, not without love, fail of amity and dwell in hell because they are not, first of all, friends. Friendship is the warp and woof of human oneness; love is the dye and pattern which makes the fabric splendid.—Richward Wightman, in Metropolitan Magazine.

Attractive Bathing Suit.

A pretty suggestion for bathing suit in either silk or mohair gunmetal silk, with braid and buttons for trimming, would be charming. The design is good—a bit out of the ordinary.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Keep your mind young by fresh, vigorous thinking, and your heart sound by cultivating a cheerful, optimistic disposition.

Don't live to eat, but eat to live. Many of our ills are due to overeating, to eating the wrong things and to irregular eating.

Don't be too ambitious; the canker of an overvaulting ambition has eaten up the happiness of many a life, and shortened its years.

Throw aside your dignity and romp and play with the children; make them love you by loving them, and you will add years to your life.

Keep busy; idleness is a great friend of age, but an enemy of youth. Regular employment and mental occupation are marvelous youth preservers.

Pure air both indoors and outdoors is absolutely essential to health and longevity. Never allow yourself to remain in a poisoned or vitiated atmosphere.

Put some beauty into your life every day by seeing beautiful works of art, beautiful bits of scenery, or by reading some noble poem or selection in prose.

Don't let anything interfere with your regular hours of work and rest, but get plenty of sleep, especially what is called "beauty sleep," before midnight.

Never compare yourself with others of the same age or think that you must appear as old as they because you have marked the same number of years.

Take regular exercise in the open air every day in all weathers; walk, ride, row, swim or play; but, whatever you do, keep out of doors as much as possible.

Making and Serving Tea.

One of the fads that has cropped out with the settled habit of afternoon tea drinking is the serving of colored bonbons with the tea in place of cube sugar. Some women make these bonbons, coloring them to suit the fitting of the table and flavoring them with lemon or orange. Rock candy is also used for this purpose. Lemon and tea are said to clear the complexion, but if one is very tired the tea should be drunk clear or with a little milk and very slowly. If one ever noticed the epicurean comfort of an old tea drinker with a hot cup of tea one must have observed with what deliberation the tea was taken. It is a fault with many housewives to let the tea stand too long after the water goes on before serving. Seven minutes is the prescribed limit of any brand, and less than five is better with all kinds. For a second cup, where a teapot is for the first service, a tea ball or perforated teamaking spoon is a convenience.

The Thumb.

The thumb that bends back easily indicates great adaptability, extravagance, brilliancy and versatility. The owner of such a thumb is at home changing circumstances, is generous, sympathetic, sentimental, and, as a rule, improvident. The owner of a stiff thumb is practical, matter-of-fact, economical, exacting and weighs everything carefully. She is the possessor of a strong will power and is stubbornly determined.

Hanging Curtains.

If you desire to hang sash curtains and have no brass rods for the purpose, put brass tacks where you would have liked to screw the hooks for the rod. Fasten a stout cord to a heavy rubber band, double the cord and have the combined length of the cord and rubber 2 inches less than the distance between the tacks. Run the cord and rubber through the casing of the curtain and after hanging the cord over one tack, stretch the rubber to reach the second tack. This simple device holds the curtain snug and taut.

There are twenty-seven American women registered as medical students in the University of Berlin.

Sixty-two per cent of adult Danish women voted at the first election which afforded them the privilege.

G. Frederick Turner, author of the recent novel, "Gloria," has married the youngest daughter of George Grossmith, the English actor.

Mrs. Adelaide Johnson, the American sculptor who opened a studio in London last season, is reported not only to have all the orders for work that she can execute, but to be winning a name for herself as an after-dinner speaker.

Queen Maud of Norway has innumerable hobbies and recreations, many of them being of a very useful and practical nature. She devotes many hours to sewing, wood carving and bookbinding, and in regard to the latter work has turned out some really beautiful specimens of the craft.

Perfuming the Wardrobe.

White silk pads filled with cotton sprinkled with layers of delicate perfume are the most practical means of perfuming lingerie, dainty blouses, neckwear and the like. It is something of a task to keep small sachets in the heavier garments hanging in the clothes closet, and the perfume, used in such minute quantities as the various little bags call for, soon evaporates. A good way is to sprinkle a generous amount of the perfume in a deep saucer and burn it, allowing the fumes to penetrate all the articles of clothing in the clothes closet. Great care must be exercised, of course, not to set fire to anything near the pan of perfume.

The Bathing Cap.

The popular bathing cap of to-day can be easily made by any woman. One style of cap consists of an oval-shaped piece of material shirred about the face by means of a drawstring run through a pocket on the wrong side of the fabric's outer edge. The turban cap is cut in circular shape and gathered on a wide ribbon with long ends which, by passing behind the ears, hold the headgear firmly in place.

Cleaning Straw Hats.

Many a person uses a solution of oxalic acid and water for cleaning a straw hat. Sometimes this solution gets on the hat band, sadly discoloring it. The damage may be overcome by wiping off the band with ammonia water. An application or two of this liquid will restore the color.

Paraffin in Blacking.

A few drops of paraffin added to the shoe blacking will impart a good polish to shoes, even though they are damp.

It also acts as a preservative to the leather.

Learn How to Sleep.

Lying on the back with the arms thrown over the head invites disease of the throat, eyes and nose. The pressure of the palate against the back of the throat prevents free breathing and weakens respiration; the mouth opens and collects foreign and injurious matter floating in the air. Nor should the arms be folded on the chest, which needs freedom from weight. To lie with one hand on the cheeks invites wrinkles and slightly numbs the skin.

Beware of the frown or discontented expression, else it may leave its imprint during the long hours of the night. As you find yourself yielding to drowsiness summon a pleasant thought that shall set the seal of peacefulness upon your face. Beware the drooping of the jaw, even a tiny bit; around the mouth will settle heavy curved lines, so difficult to eradicate.

No matter how short the slumber, cover yourself lightly; an open newspaper is better than nothing. Nature seizes the opportunity when one is resting to give the heart much less to do; when in a recumbent position it makes ten strokes less a minute than when one is standing up.

Needlework Notes.

It is a very poor plan to economize on the lining of a dress, either in money or the care with which it is made.

The foundations for marking initials are great time savers and look quite as well as those filled by hand. They also launder successfully.

Pretty penwipers are made of bits of write gloves, cut out in wild rose shape, and embroidered in the center in tiny stitches and yellow French knots.

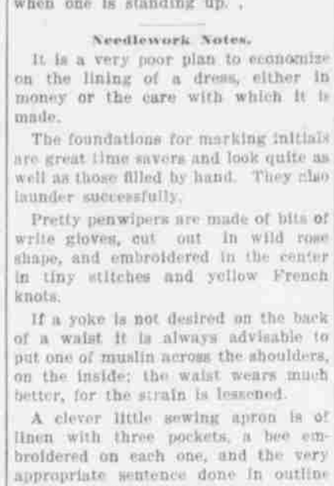
If a yoke is not desired on the back of a waist it is always advisable to put one of muslin across the shoulders, on the inside; the waist wears much better, for the strain is lessened.

A clever little sewing apron is of linen with three pockets, a bee embroidered on each one, and the very appropriate sentence done in outline stitch—"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour."

The best and most convenient tape and ribbon runner has an oblong slit through which to slip the ribbon, and a tiny point below the opening holds the ribbon, preventing it from either twisting or slipping off the needle.

Tucked shirt-waists are much more satisfactory in appearance and fit if the tucking is done before the waist is cut out. Tuck a long strip for the two fronts; in this way they are sure to be alike, without so much troublesome measuring.

Modish Straw Turban.



Smart turban of Tuscan straw, whose upturned brim is faced with black velvet. A band of same is fastened around crown, and on left side there is an artistic arrangement of two white plumes.

A TRIO OF PRETTY YOUTHFUL FASHIONS.

Starting on the left, the frock worn by the small girl is deep buff cashmere, with guimpe of brown-striped buff chiffon cloth. As shown, the frock is cut on the Russian lines and belted in with a white patent leather belt.

The larger girl in the center is gowned in an up-to-date dress of pale blue silk muslin, made with a pretty and graceful tunic front skirt and low cut round neck—the latter finished with German Val., put on in effective design. The deep girdle is white satin.

The tiny tot on the right is simply garbed in a pretty babyish frock of pink and white plaid silk, with a deep yoke collar of white batiste, edged with wide lace insertion.

COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL

CHICAGO.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of Chicago trade says:

"Trade conditions reflect little change in the prominent activities. There is a smaller shrinkage in the volume of payments through the banks, and the trading defaults make a good exhibit. Operations in production and distribution are stimulated by a more confident tone as to the future. Forwarders have found satisfaction in the Washington conference as to a threatened advance in transportation rates. Other favorable developments include more seasonable weather for fashionable lines, further ease in money, lessened labor disputes and Wednesday's excellent crop report.

"The markets for general merchandise attract increasing attendance of buyers. Sales have risen to satisfactory aggregates in dry goods, footwear, clothing, men's furnishings, millinery and food products. Inferior merchants report expectations realized on spring stocks. Local dealings were stimulated by higher temperatures and headway is made in the depletion of lightweight apparel. The demand is now quite strong for vacation needs, and large sales are noted in sporting goods and house furnishings.

"Markets for bonds and local securities compare unfavorably in transactions with this time last year, but there is heavy investment in realty and improvements. Commercial paper of the best grade is quoted at 5 per cent, and deposits are strengthened by an increasing return of money from the West.

"Bank clearings, $267,725,901, are 2.6 per cent under those of corresponding week in 1909, and compare with $215,492,046 in 1908.

"Failures reported in the Chicago district number eighteen, as against fourteen last week, twenty-one in 1909 and twenty-one in 1908. Those with liabilities over $5,000 number seven, as against six last week, four in 1909, and eight in 1908."

NEW YORK.

Unreasonably cool weather still arrests retail trade and retards crop progress in the northern half of the country, and trade is quiet in the southern districts, though cotton and fruit crops there are making progress. Jobbing trade reports reflect quiet in consumptive demand in a moderate volume of reorders, which are classed as frequent but small in the aggregate. Trade as a whole still hesitates pending a clearer view of crop and price outcome. Industrial reports point to considerable curtailment of output. Collections range from slow to fair.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending June 9 were 189, as against 160 last week, 197 in the like week of 1909, 253 in 1908, 161 in 1907 and 170 in 1906. Business failures in Canada for the week numbered 36, which compared with 18 for last week and 29 in the like week of 1909.—Bradstreet's.

THE MARKETS

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, $4.00 to $8.75; hogs, prime heavy, $7.00 to $9.55; sheep, fair to choice, $4.50 to $6.25; wheat, No. 2, $1.00 to $1.02; corn, No. 2, 61c to 63c; oats, standard, 37c to 38c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 77c; hay, timothy, $9.00 to $17.00; prairie, $8.00 to $14.50; butter, choice creamery, 24c to 27c; eggs, fresh, 16c to 18c; potatoes, new, per bushel, 80c to $1.25.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, $5.00 to $8.00; hogs, good to choice heavy, $7.00 to $9.55; sheep, good to choice, $3.00 to $4.50; wheat, No. 2, 99c to $1.00; corn, No. 2, white, 61c to 63c; oats, No. 2 white, 39c to 40c.

St. Louis — Cattle, $4.00 to $8.60; hogs, $7.00 to $9.50; sheep, $4.50 to $5.80; wheat, No. 2, 98c to $1.02; corn, No. 2, 61c to 63c; oats, No. 2, 36c to 38c; rye, No. 2, 76c to 77c.

Detroit—Cattle, $4.00 to $7.50; hogs, $7.00 to $9.60; sheep, $3.50 to $4.75; wheat, No. 2, $1.03 to $1.04; corn, No. 3 yellow, 61c to 62c; oats, standard, 39c to 41c; rye, No. 1, 80c to 81c.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 northern, $1.02 to $1.05; corn, No. 3, 58c to 60c; oats, standard, 37c to 38c; rye, No. 1, 76c to 77c; barley, standard, 63c to 66c; pork, mess, $22.25.

Buffalo — Cattle, choice shipping steers, $4.00 to $8.60; hogs, fair to choice, $7.00 to $9.75; sheep, common to good mixed, $4.00 to $6.15; lambs, fair to choice, $7.00 to $9.00.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 mixed, $1.03 to $1.04; corn, No. 2 mixed, 58c to 59c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 38c to 39c; rye, No. 2, 78c to 79c; clover seed, $6.80.

Cincinnati—Cattle, $4.00 to $7.50; hogs, $7.00 to $9.45; sheep, $3.00 to $5.00; wheat, No. 2, $1.09 to $1.13; corn, No. 2 mixed, 61c to 62c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 38c to 39c; rye, No. 2, 81c to 83c.

New York—Cattle, $4.00 to $9.00; hogs, $7.00 to $10.00; sheep, $4.00 to $5.75; wheat, No. 2 red, $1.01 to $1.03; corn, No. 2, 65c to 66c; oats, natural, white, 41c to 43c; butter, creamery, 25c to 29c; eggs, western, 18c to 21c.

The first skirmish in the government's attack on the so-called beef trust began before Judge Landis in the United States District Court at Chicago when counsel for the National Packing Company and its ten subsidiary concerns assailed the validity of the indictments charging a combination in restraint of trade.

Representatives of fourteen railway systems of the West met in Denver recently and decided to put into effect at once an increase of wages of 6 cents an hour for yard men, and to apply the working rules now in effect in Chicago and Eastern yards.